

Brothers in arms

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Disclaimer: All the characters etc in this story belong to D.C comics and I'm just borrowing them for a bit .

I wrote this after reading the story "Speeding bullets" and thinking why should he end up being Superman after all the Bat is better!

Any feed back would be much appreciated as this is my first fic .

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Brothers in Arms

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I will always remember how it started , a tragedy that should have brought us closer together driving us apart turning us into opposites . I remember when we first met , it was a cloud filled day with the sun light cutting through the clouds like search lights .My mother and Father were taking me on a trip to our cabin in the mountains when a streak of fire flashed past our windscreen and landed with a crash that caused the ground to shake and our car to flip like a pancake .The screaming came to a sudden stop as the car landed on its roof , silence .

It was me who found you or maybe you who found me two lonely souls standing staring in confusion. I remember trying to lift the car not thinking that it was impossible only that my mother and father were trapped. As I sat down in exhaustion I watched you walk over to the

car and turn it over as if it was a toy.

In that moment I had found a friend more I had found a brother!

Being a doctor it was no surprise that you were fathers favourite the perfect specimen, the natural athlete. Where as mother worked with me constantly to improve my mind . But this is not what drove us apart because we had each other and that was more than enough.

I remember watching you , your powers just emerging but not with jealousy but with admiration after all what you were was what I could become . I knew no different.

The wedge was driven in one night but who is to blame? I know not, but I took it all. After all it was my week to choose and I selected Zorro you decided to stay and play chess with Alfred. The ten minutes after leaving the picture house are marked indelibly in my mind .

The alley , the man , the pearls hitting the cobbled floor, The flash and bang of the gun . His laughter still haunts to this day , my questions demons which cannot be purged from my sleep.

Why had **\*\*\_I\_\*\*** selected this movie ?, why had **\*\*\_I\_\*\*** allowed this to happen ? ,

Where were you ?

If any had the power to save them it was you , you had done it before why not now , Damn it Clark where were you !And yet I could not place blame on you my brother and so it was my guilt that drove the wedge between us . You and Alfred tried to get me to soar into the light but my depression caused me to sink into the shadows.

It wasn't until we were 17 that my guilt lessened it was not my fault , it was not your fault it was his .He needed to be stopped , he needed to be caught , he needed to pay!

We were always close I should of known , that you would know what I was planning . It was so easy for you with your abilities a bright costume a caring attitude and you were set a champion of justice ready to soar into the sky.

My path was not as easy ,my mind had been developed but my body needed work , a punishing regime of acrobatics , martial arts , climbing , running to the point of exhaustion his laughter and face my inspiration , revenge my motivation . Once again as you soared I sank into the shadows , you a beacon of hope , I an apparition of fear . You the bright Robin , I the Dreaded Bat .

## Chapter 2

I remember your face as you came back after your first outing , full of pride that you could make a difference . It was nothing major at least not for you , saving a cat from a tree , stopping a plane from crashing but to you it was the first step , a leap into a promising future. The next day the papers were filled with the story of the flying man in the bright costume who had saved the day , the Superman .

I was not worried after all nothing could hurt you ,I would never feel the pain of your loss. Alfred worried, after all he confided to me we did not know what might hurt you and you took enormous risks . It was then that I gave in to the darkness and became a shadow , your shadow .

I took to listening to the police band radio and when ever there was a dangerous situation I was there cloaked in shadow , watching from the darkness keeping you safe.

It was dusk, our time, a time of shadow and light. I remember I was in the middle of a ju-jitsu kata my hands going through a series of parries and strikes my feet in a horse stance. The radio crackled into life

" Hostage situation at Gotham's First National bank, Perpetrators have guns and possibly C4 all units respond."

I knew you would be there and therefore so would I . I quickly suited up losing myself in my mantle becoming the Bat . I arrived only seconds before you did , I checked out the situation and looked for a back way in , you walked up to the front doors . I remember the cold gripping my heart as I heard the guns being fired , I could not lose you , I would not lose you . I raced to find a safe position in which I could see what was happening , the gun shots echoing in my mind .

There you were looking as smug as can be as the bullets bounced off you. Slowly you walked up to the crooks and took their guns off of them announcing the situation safe . I sank back into the shadow of the chimney pot I was resting against a flood of relief washing over me .

Then it hit me where was the C4 ! I scanned the area . There below me watching from the roof of an adjacent building some one with a lap top computer , a detonation device! I jumped out into the night letting the darkness enfold me then I threw out my grapnel and turned my dive in to a swing that carried me with a somersault over his head . I landed silently in a crouch and drew myself up to my full height . Noticing the shadow that fell over the screen of the computer the man pushed it off his lap and stood , turned and slashed at me with a knife . My assailant was short and powerfully built his muscles bulging through his T-shirt. Without thinking my reflexes took over stepping inside the arc of his arm I blocked his swing, grabbing his wrist in my left hand I struck him in the ribs and then on the elbow. With a scream he dropped the knife. Pivoting in I threw him over my shoulder, he landed with a thud as his head and body hit the roof. Quickly I restrained him and checked him for injuries. As he looked up at me I savoured the fear in his eyes , "Who are you ?" he whispered .The fear in his voice was a tonic , "I am the bat !"

### Chapter three

The Next day the papers were full of Clarks heroics they had given him a name and in doing so had set him up as an ideal, Superman . We read the papers over breakfast , Clark looked embarrassed he turned towards me and looked down at the piece of toast he was buttering "Bruce" at that moment Alfred walked in and started to clear away

the dishes,

" There was someone else present last night , someone who stayed in the shadows, a creature of darkness. There where four terrorists last night not the three reported in the papers . The fourth was a look out who had a detonator for the plastic explosive . The police found him after I had left , he was babbling with fear , babbling about a demon , a Batman ."

He looked up at me his face serious , " I never even spotted him, he saved all the hostages and for that I am thankful but he terrified that man to the brink of madness . I owe this Batman a debt of thanks and he could probably teach me a thing or two but I wonder if he is any better than the criminals that he chases, what should I do ?"

I looked at him wanting to reassure him , to tell him that I was the bat . I opened my mouth to speak but Alfred beat me to it " Might I enquire If this Batman hurt the criminal ?"

" No, as a matter of fact he didn't at least nothing more than a few bruises and a light concussion but it was the fear he inspired ."

"Perhaps this batman uses fear I the same way you use your gifts , as a means of subduing his opponents with out having to hurt them or allowing them to hurt others ."

I looked over at Alfred , he caught my glance and gave me one of his rare smiles that caused his eyes to sparkle .

I turned to Clark my expression serious , " I would try to locate him and find his motives before making any decisions , after all its only fair ."

He smiled , "Of course you're right ."

The over the next few days very little happened , and so while Superman was in prominent display the Batman made him self known to the seedier side of Gotham .

It was during one of my little excursions that I ran into Clark .

A costumed lunatic who called himself the Joker threatening to kill Gotham's 'elite' starting with the Mayor. After weeks of toil I had finally located his hide out an abandoned factory near the docks. I was scanning the area one last time before making my move when I sensed someone watching me . I dived to the side coming out of my roll in a fighting stance I turned to see him hovering there above where I had been crouched ." We need to talk !" Faster than a speeding bullet he had grabbed me by my arms and had hoisted me away from the roof . Landing a few minutes later in the middle of an open field he put me down .

"I was about to bring down the Joker!"

"No you weren't it was a trap the whole place was full of his goons but he wasn't there .Now who are you?"

We stood facing each other for what seemed like hours slowly I slid my hand up to my cowl and slid it back to reveal my face.

## Chapter 4

The look of Surprise on Clark's face was priceless, he stood gaping ,  
"Why?", he finally muttered .

"The same reasons as you, to protect, to make a difference and one  
other " , My voice dropped to a whisper " To keep you safe."

He smiled, "Keep me safe, I'm the one with the powers remember I  
should be the one protecting you little brother."

I looked up at him a half smile on my face , he only called me little  
brother when he knew he was about to lose an argument .

" I suppose that there are one or two things that you could show  
me."

"One or two", I replied.

Clark over the following weeks managed to gradually drop out of the  
press and out of the public eye while the Batman 's reputation grew  
to a mythic status. We used this time to train each other to perfect  
skills and to learn new skills that may be useful .

After two months or so we felt that we were ready . At my insistence  
Clark dropped the red, blue and yellow costume and took up a new  
costume red , dark green with a black cape lined on the inside with  
yellow . Gone was the 'Superman' here was the birth ofâ€|.

We both agreed that the name 'Superman' placed too much pressure on  
him, pressure that could take its toll mentally and cause him to make  
mistakes.

"So what do we call you then ?"

"I don't know , er.. what about Captain Fantastic" , with that he  
struck a heroic pose before bursting into laughter .

"No Bird man !"I joined in .

At this point Alfred walked into the cave , he took in the scene with  
his usual calmness and walked up to Clark .

"When you joined this family , your parents searched the area to try  
to find some clue as to where you where from they found nothing but a  
blanket and thisâ€|" with that he pressed a stylised metallic  
\*\*\_R\_\*\*to Clark's chest.

Clark fingered the letter and looked up his gaze taking in both  
Alfred and I

"Call me Robin!"

> "So are we a team, Robin?"<p>

" The worlds finest!"

The End ( for now!)

End  
file.